

of Essex, who was beheaded in  
of Welladay.

And send her long to reigne,  
True justice to maintaine,  
And not to let proud S; aine  
once to offend her,

His Coburne he slipt off then,  
welladay, welladay,  
And put off his hat and band,  
and hung them by :

Praying still continuallie  
To God that sits on high,  
That he might patiently  
there suffer death,

My Headsmen that must be,  
then said he cheerfully,  
Let him come here to me,  
that I may see him :  
Who knieled to him then,  
Art thou ( quoth he ) the man,  
which art appointed now  
my life to free ?

Yes my Lord, he did say,  
welladay, welladay,  
Forgive me if you pray,  
for this your death :  
I here do thee forgive,  
And may true justice live,  
For soule crime to forgive,  
within their place.

When he knieled down againe,  
mournfully, mournfully,  
And was requir'd by some  
there standing by,  
To forgive his enemies,  
Before death close his eyes,  
which he did in hearty wise,  
thanking them for it.

That they would remember him  
welladay, welladay,  
That he might forgive all them,  
that had him wrong'd :  
Now my Lords I take my leave,  
Sweet Christ my soule receive,  
Now when you will prepare  
for I am ready.

He laid his head on the block,  
welladay, welladay.  
But his doublet let the strobe,  
some there did say :  
What must be done ( quoth he )  
shall be done presently,  
When his doublet off put he,  
and lay downe againe.

Then the headsmen did his partly  
cruelly, cruelly.  
He was not sene to start  
for all the blowes :  
His soule it is at rest,  
In heben among the best,  
Where God send us to rest,  
wh n it shall please him.

A lamentable new Ballad upon the Earle of Essex his Death.  
To the tune of, Essex last good night.

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**A**ll you that cry O bone, O bone,  
come now and sing O bone with me ;  
For tope our Jewell is from us gone,  
the valiant Knight of Chibairie :  
Of rich and poore belov'd was he,  
in time an honourable Knight,  
when by our Lawes condemn'd to die,  
he lately took his last good night.

Count him not like to Champion,  
( those traitorous men ) of Babington ;  
For like the Earle of Westmerland,  
by whom a number was undone :  
He never yet hurt mothers son,  
his Quarrell still maintain'd the right,  
which makes the teares my cheeks doted run,  
when I thinke on his last good night.

The Portugals can witnesse be,  
his Dagger at Lisbon gate he flung,  
And like a Knight of Chibairie,  
his Chaine upon the same he hung :  
would God that he would come  
to fetch them back in honour right,  
which thing was by his Honour done,  
yet lately took his last good night.

The French-men they can testifie,  
the Coburne of Gou:ney he took in,  
And march'd to Roan immediately,  
not caring for his foes a pin :  
with Bullets then he pierc'd their skin,  
and made them then flee from his sight,  
He there that time did credit win,  
and now hath tane his last good night.

And stately Cales can witnesse be,  
even by his Proclamation right,  
He did command them all straightly,  
to have a care of Infants lives,  
And that none should hurt Spaid or Wiffe,  
which was against their right.

Therefore they pray'd for his long life,  
which lately took his last good night.

would God he nere had Ireland knowne,  
nor set his foot on Flanders ground,  
When might we well enjoy'd our own,  
where now our Jewell will not be found ;  
which makes our woes still to abound,  
trickling with salt teares in our sight,  
To heare his name in our eares sound,  
Lord Devereux took his last good night.

As Wednesday on that dismal day,  
when he came forth of his Chamber doore,  
Upon a Scaffold there he saw  
his headsmen standing him before :  
The Nobles all they did deplore,  
shedding salt teares in his sight,  
He said, farewell to rich and poore,  
at his good-morrow and good night.

My Lords ( quoth he ) you stand but by,  
to see performance of the Law,  
It is I that have deserv'd to die,  
and yeeld my selfe unto the blow :  
I have deserv'd to die I know,  
but nere against my Countries right.  
For to my Queen was ever foe,  
upon my death at my good night.

Farewell Elizabeth my gracious Queene,  
God bless thee with thy Counsell all.  
Farewell you Knights of Chibairie,  
farewell my Shoulders stout and tall  
Farewell the Commons great and small,  
into the hands of men I light,  
My life will make amends for all,  
for Essex bids the world good-night.

Farewell deare Wife and Children three  
farewell my kind and tender Son,  
Comfort your selves mourne not for me,  
although your fall be now begun :  
My time is come the Glasse is run,  
comfort your selves in former light,  
Seeing by my fall you are undone,  
your Father bids the world good night.

Derick thou knowst in Cales I saw'd  
the life then for a rape there done,  
which thou thy selfe canst testifie,  
thine own hand thee and twenty hung :  
But now thou sayst my selfe is come  
by chance into thy hands I light,  
Strike out the blow that I may know  
thou Essex lov'd at his good night.

When England counted me a Papist,  
the toothes of Papists I desie,  
I nere worshipt Saint nor Angell in heaben,  
nor to the Virgin Mary I :  
But to Christ which for my sins did die,  
trickling with salt teares in his sight,  
Spreading my armes to God on gite,  
Lord Jesus receive my soule this night.